

Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue

And louing farwell of our feuerall friends.

*Mar.* The Appeallant in all duty greets your Highnes,  
And craues to kisse your hand, and take his leaue.

*Rich.* We will descend, and fold him in our armes.

Cosin of Herford, as thy cause is iust,  
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:  
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shead,  
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

*Bull.* Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare

For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbrayes* speare:

As confident, as is the Falcons flight

Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.

My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you,

Of you (my Noble Cosin) Lord *Aumerle*;

Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,

But lustie, yong, and cheerefully drawing breath.

Loe, as at English Feasts, so I regreete

The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.

Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,

Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,

Doth with a two-fold rigor lift mee vp

To reach at victory about my head,

Adde prooue vnto mine Armour with thy prayres,

And with thy blessings steale my Lances point,

That it may enter *Mowbrayes* waxen Coate,

And furnish new the name of *John a Gaunt*,

Euen in the lusty hauiour of his soone.

*Gaunt.* Heauen in thy good cause make thee prosp'rous

Be swift like lightning in the execution,

And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,

Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske

Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.

Rouze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue.

*Bul.* Mine innocence, and *S. George* to thriue.

*Mow.* How euer heauen or fortune cast my lot,

There liues, or dies, true to Kings *Richards* Throne,

A loyall, iust, and vpright Gentleman:

Neuer did Captiue with a freer heart,

Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace

His golden vncontroul'd enfranchisement,

More then my dancing soule doth celebrate

This Feast of Bartell, with mine *Aduersarie*.

Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,

Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,

As gentle, and as iocund, as to iest,

Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet brest.

*Rich.* Farewell, my Lord, securely I espy

Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:

Order the triall Marshall, and begin.

*Mar.* *Harrie of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,*

Receiue thy Launce, and heauen defend thy right.

*Bul.* Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.

*Mar.* Go beare this Lance to *Thomas D. of Norfolk*.

1. *Har.* *Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,*

Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,

On paine to be found false, and recreant,

To proue the Duke of *Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray,*

A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,

And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

2. *Har.* Here standeth *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk*

On paine to be found false and recreant,

Both to defend himselfe, and to approue

*Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,*

To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall:

Couragiously, and with a free desire

Attending but the signall to begin.

*Mar.* Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants.

*Rich.* Let them lay by their Helmes & their Spears,

And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:

Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets sound,

While we returne these Dukes what we decree.

*A long Flourish.*

Draw neere and lift

What with our Councell we haue done.

For that our kingdome earth should not be soyl'd

With that deere blood which it hath fostered,

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect

Of ciuill wounds plowgh'd vp with neighbors swords,

Which so rouz'd vp with boystrous vntun'd drummes,

With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,

And grating shoocke of wrathfull yron Armes,

Might from our quiet Confinnes fright faire peace,

And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:

Therefore, we banish you our Territories.

You Cosin Herford, vpon paine of death,

Till twice fise Summers haue enrich'd our fields,

Shall not regreete our faire dominions,

But treade the stranger pathes of banishment.

*Bul.* Your will be done: This must my comfort be,

That Sun that warms you heere, shall shine on me:

And those his golden beames to you heere lent,

Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

*Rich.* *Norfolke*: for thee remains a heavier dombe,

Which I with some vnwillingnesse pronounce,

The flye slow houres shall not determinate

The datelesse limit of thy deere exile:

The hopelesse word, of Neuer to returne,

Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life.

*Mow.* A heavy sentence, my most Soueraigne Liege,

And all vnlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth:

A deerer merit, not so deepe a maim,

As to be cast forth in the common ayre

Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands.

The Language I haue learn'd these forty yeares

(My native English) now I must forgo,

And now my tongues vs is to me no more,

Then an vnstringed Vvall, or a Harpe,

Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd vp,

Or being open, put into his hands

That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.

Within my mouth you haue engaol'd my tongue,

Doubly perculit with my teeth and lippes,

And dull, vnfeeling, barren ignorance,

Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:

I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurse,

Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now:

What is thy sentence then, but speechlesse death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

*Rich.* It boots thee not to be compassionate,

After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

*Mow.* Then thus I turne me from my countries light

To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.

*Rich.* Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,

Lay on our Royall sword, your banisht hands;

Swear by the duty that you owe to heauen

(Our part therein we banish with your selues)

To keepe the Oath that we administer:

You neuer shall (so helpe you Truth, and Heauen)

Embrace each others loue in banishment,

Nor euer looke vpon each others face,

Not

Nor euer write, regreete, or reconcile

This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,

Nor euer by aduised purpose meete,

To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,

Gainst Vs, our State, our Subiects, or our Land.

*Bul.* I sweare.

*Mow.* And I, to keepe all this.

*Bul.* *Norfolke*, so fare, as to mine enemy,

By this time (had the King permitted vs)

One of our foules had wandred in the ayre,

Banish'd this fraile sepulchre of our flesh,

As now our flesh is banish'd from this Land.

Confesse thy Treasons, ere thou flye this Realme,

Since thou hast farre to go, beare not along

The clogging burthen of a guilty soule.

*Mow.* No *Bullingbroke*: If euer I were Traitor,

My name be blotted from the booke of Life,

And I from heauen banish'd, as from hence:

But what thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,

And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rue.

Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,

Save backe to England, all the worlds my way.

*Rich.* Vncle, euen in the glasses of thine eyes

I see thy greued heart: thy sad aspect,

Hath from the number of his banish'd yeares

Pluck'd foure away: Six frozen Winters spent,

Returne with welcome home, from banishment.

*Bul.* How long a time lyes in one little word:

Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton springs

End in a word, such is the breath of Kings.

*Gaunt.* I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me

He shortens foure yeares of my fomesse exile:

But little vantage shall I reape thereby.

For ere the fixe yeares that he hath to spend

Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,

My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewasted light

Shall be extinct with age, and endlesse night:

My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,

And blindfold death, not let me see my sonne.

*Rich.* Why Vncle, thou hast many yeeres to liue.

*Gaunt.* But not a minute (King) that thou canst giue;

Shorten my dayes thou canst with sudden sorow,

And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:

Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,

But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:

Thy word is currant with him, for my death,

But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

*Rich.* Thy sonne is banish'd vpon good aduice,

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gaue,

Why at our Iustice seem'st thou then to lowre?

*Gau.* Things sweet to tast, proue in digestion sowre:

You vrg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather

you would haue bid me argue like a Father.

Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,

I was too strict to make mine owne away:

But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tong,

Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.

*Rich.* Cosine farewell: and Vncle bid him so:

Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go.

*Flourish.*

*An.* Cosine farewell: what presence must not know

From where you do remaine, let paper show.

*Mar.* My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride

As farre as land will let me, by your side.

*Gaunt.* Oh to what purpose dost thou hord thy words,

That thou returnst no greeting to thy friends?

*Bul.* I haue too few to take my leaue of you,

When the tongues office should be prodigall,

To breath th' abundant dolour of the heart.

*Gau.* Thy greefe is but thy absence for a time.

*Bul.* Ioy absent, greefe is present for that time.

*Gau.* What is fixe Winters, they are quickly gone?

*Bul.* To men in ioy, but greefe makes one houre ten.

*Gau.* Call it a trauell that thou tak'st for pleasure.

*Bul.* My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,

Which findes it an inforced Pilgrimage.

*Gau.* The fullen passage of thy weary steppes

Esteeme a soyle, wherein thou art to see.

The precious Iewell of thy home returne.

*Bul.* Oh who can hold a fire in his hand

By thinking on the frostie *Caucasus*?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,

by bare imagination of a Feast?

Or Wallow naked in December snow

by thinking on fantastick summers heate?

Oh no, the apprehension of the good

Giues but the greater feeling to the worfe:

Fell sorrowes tooth, doth euer ranckle more

Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

*Gau.* Come, come (my son) Ile bring thee on thy way

Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

*Bul.* Then Englands ground farewell: sweet soile adieu,

My Mother, and my Nurse, which beares me yet:

Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,

Though banish'd, yet a true-borne Englishman.

### Scena Quarta.

Enter King, *Aumerle*, *Greene*, and *Bagot*.

*Rich.* We did obserue. Cosine *Aumerle*,

How far brought you high Herford on his way?

*Aum.* I brought high Herford (if you call him so)

but to the next high way, and there I left him.

*Rich.* And say, what store of parting teares were shed?

*Aum.* Faith none for me: except the Northeast wind

Which then grew bitterly against our face,

Awak'd the sleepeie rhewme, and so by chance

Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

*Rich.* What said our Cosin when you parted with him?

*An.* Farewell: and for my hart disdain'd y my tongue

Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft

To counterfeite oppression of such greefe,

That word seem'd buried in my sorrowes graue.

Marry, would the word Farwell, haue lengthen'd houres,

And added yeeres to his short banishment,

He should haue had a volume of Farwells,

but since it would not, he had none of me.

*Rich.* He is our Cosin (Cosin) but 'tis doubt,

When time shall call him home from banishment,

Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,